

# THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME I.

THE EXAMINER;

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TERMS.

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PAUL SEYMOUR,  
PUBLISHER.

How shall we raise Money?

Our government is in want of money. The time of need is already arrived; the question what provision is to be made for it is one of the most urgent of the day, yet it is not discussed either in the journals or elsewhere. The pay of the troops we have emitted, the cost of the munitions of war and of provisions transported for their use to Mexico, the increased expenses of our naval armaments, and those of our civil government, which state of war has called into extraordinary activity, are demands upon the treasury which are not to be set aside or neglected while we are quarrelling about the occasion of the war, or the policy which the government ought to pursue in regard to it.

Here is the public faith pledged, and it must be redeemed; here are debts legitimately contracted, the amount of which grows while we are looking at them, and they must be paid. The nation will have no excuse for the plea of an empty treasury, and tardy payments, while its commerce is prosperous beyond all experience, its manu-

factories in full activity and bringing in princely profits, its granaries stored with an abundant harvest for which the markets are waiting, and the country, in every respect, richer in resources and in the objects which form the wealth of a community, than it was before.

This last consideration, the prosperity of the country, suggests the duty of those who are to decide upon the ways and means of supplying the government with money. No just administration of the government will postpone to the future a burden which can be borne now. The future must have its own exigencies and wants, far more urgent than the present ones, and it is wise, as well as honest, to leave the resources of the next generation as little impaired and exhausted as possible.

These maxims have been adopted by the democrats of New York in their State policy. We regard it here as a political wrong to lay upon the next generation the obligation of paying whatever debts we may take a fancy to contract, and so distrustful have we shown ourselves of the discretion of our legislature, in this respect, that we have left their hands by the new constitution from mortgaging resources which properly belong to posterity. The doctrine, however, is by no means peculiar to the democrats of this State, it has long been insisted upon by the teachers of democracy in this country from Jefferson to the present day.

We may fairly expect, therefore, that whoever rises in Congress to propose any addition to the public debt, any use of the public credit to obtain money for the public wants, will accompany it with a plan for immediate or early re-payment. The honest, straightforward, democratic policy of accompanying a proposition to make a debt with the proposal of a tax to pay it, is what we have a right to expect from a democratic member. But what sort of tax would be proposed?

A direct tax without doubt, the fairest kind of taxation—the most equal mode of raising money, since its principal burden falls upon those who are most able to bear it—and the most honest mode, since it informs the people to what extent they are taxed. There never was a better opportunity of resorting to a method of obtaining money for the use of government, which so many wise men have commended, as the most equitable and just. The country was never in a better situation to bear a direct tax; the money is wanted, and the resources of indirect taxation are either exhausted or unpopular. If we increase the duties on imported goods, if we put an additional tax on the manufactures of Europe, we shall be sure to lessen the revenue derived from the customs. We have obtained a larger income by diminishing these duties, and if we go back to the high duties we go back to small receipts. The proposal to lay a duty on the principal articles now imported without a tax, namely, on tea and coffee, is so little acceptable, though it be the most reasonable of all indirect taxes, that we fear it will not be laid; it failed of success with the last Congress, and it has a much worse chance with the present. The only alternative, it appears to us, is direct taxation, and the occasion seems offered expressly for its introduction.

If direct taxation was once introduced under such favorable auspices, it might gain a permanent footing in the country, and become at length the established mode of raising money to carry on the government. At all events it would remain, for awhile, side by side with indirect taxation, where the people could compare the respective merits of the two modes, and choose that which should appear to be best for the community, best suited to our institutions, and most worthy to be adopted by a people which administers its own affairs by steers whom it elects and installs, and which should therefore know when it parts with its money.

For the immediate necessities of the government, while preparations were making to collect the tax laid, an authority might be granted to issue treasury notes. The expedient of a loan we hope will not be resorted to. A loan is a device to obtain a debt, it most generally makes it a debt to be paid by posterity; it stacks up, its pecuniary obligations into a structure built to last, and puts them among the institutions of the country, like the national debt of Great Britain, which is likely to endure longer than its church establishment.

A treasury note is the expedient of the day; it contemplates an early re-payment, or an early absorption of the note into the revenue, and is, therefore, best suited to that policy which, when it contracts a debt, provides the means of its seasonable extinguishment. Treasury notes, also being issued in comparatively small amounts, do not wait for the good pleasure of the large capitalists, but are taken by persons of moderate means, as a convenient, though temporary investment.—N. Y. *Even. Post.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1848.

NUMBER 35.

## Dear and Consider.

It is but right that Northern men should be heard in expressing their views of the political effect of slavery, and it is fair that we of the South should consider them. It is easy enough for any of us to say, "how?" or "how not?" to this or that argument; but when sensible men speak and speak strongly, too, in one section the sensible men of another section should note well what they say. The following condensed view of the political effect of slavery upon the North, by a Northern man of great power, should be read, therefore, by all of us:

"By the Constitution of the United States, in the apportionment of representatives to Congress, five slaves count the same as three freemen. This is a provision unknown in former national codes, resting on a principle un-democratic, detrimental to liberty, and hitherto unheard of; the principle of allowing parts of a nation political power in proportion to the number of men which they hold in bondage. It would have astonished the Hellenic Democracy of Athens long centuries ago. By this arrangement from 1789 to 1792, the South gained seven representatives in the first Congress; from 1796 to 1813—fourteen; from 1813 to 1823—nineteen; from 1823 to 1833—twenty-two; from 1833 to 1843—twenty-five. By the last apportionment bill, one representative is allowed for 70,680 free men, or a proportionate number of slaves. By this arrangement, in a House of only 225 members, the South gains twenty representatives on account of her slaves—more than one twelfth part of the whole.

At present the North has 135 representatives for 9,725,929 souls; or 9,527,893 free men; one representative for each 70,492 free men. The South has 87 representatives. There are within the slave States 4,848,103 free men; or a proportionate number of slaves. By this arrangement, in a House of only 225 members, the South gains twenty representatives on account of her slaves—more than one twelfth part of the whole.

Among the novelties of the present age is the gutta percha. It is no less curious in its physical qualities than valuable, because of the uses to which it can be readily applied. It possesses all the tenacity of cloth with great firmness and resiliency.—Something was wanted that would combine all the valuable properties of the best tanned leather, and yet flexible as the Indian gum and the gutta percha appears to supply that desideratum. The gutta percha is not a substitute for leather, but a far better material, equally flexible, and far more durable. In this way cataract from wet feet is more effectively prevented than by an Indian rubber slipper. A sole of any thickness may be made to adhere so closely to the leather sole as to defy any agent but fire to its removal; and being perfectly and absolutely impervious to water, no better protection can be needed. In fact, there is no purpose which either leather in any form, or gutta percha, is applicable, that is not far better consulted by the preference of the gutta percha, with this additional advantage, that many things can be made from it far better answering the intention than if either were employed.

Piping may be made of gutta percha.—It is used for many surgical purposes, is most beautiful. Gutta percha may be rolled out thinner than gold-beater's skin to any size. The various articles of dress, capes, leggings, umbrellas, and other defences against rain, hat-cases, drinking cups, backs for hair and clothes-brushes, buckets for fire-engines, are a few of its various applications. In the ornamental arts, its use in book-binding is becoming common. Mouldings of all possible intricacy, from ceiling mouldings down to the copy of a coin, can be constructed as truly of the gutta percha as though the copy were made in Plaster Paris, with this difference, that the plaster will break, and that nothing but a heavy hammer, or a red hot fire, can deface the other, air, acids, and the ordinary chemical agencies, having no action upon it. Cricket-balls, whips, picture frames, fancy boxes, inkstands, and floor-slots, are some of its forms. The quantity imported into this country is as yet hardly sufficient to meet the demand for its manufacture. Already the public are becoming familiar with it—least in London—as forming the additional sole for shoes that are partly in wear; but besides this, immense quantities of shoes are now manufactured, of which the sole is entirely and directly constructed of the gutta percha, glued or stuck on to the welt and insole by a peculiar solution made for the purpose, and that defies any separation.

The Potentates and the Peasants. When the allied army were in possession of Paris it was no unusual thing for the Emperor of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia to walk out *incog.* In one of these rambles they were accosted by a countryman, of rather superior address, who addressed them to point out the way to the Tuilleries, to which they should be glad of their company. The familiar tone of conversation of the Emperor Alexander soon brought out the stranger to converse, who after some time, asked to whom he had the pleasure of talking, and the answer was, "I am the Emperor of Russia." This seeming to stagger his belief, he asked another, "And, pray, who are you, sir?" "I am the Emperor of Austria." Another, "And you, sir?" "I am the King of Prussia!" This seeming the climax of absurdity, he burst out into a loud laugh and was going away, when the Emperor of Russia begged to tell them who he was. "Oh," said he, "I am the Emperor of China" and then walked quickly away, evidently under the impression that he was "not to be outdone."—*Courrier de l'Europe.*

Slavery diverts the freemen from Industry, from Science, from Letters and the Elegant Arts. It has been said to qualify him for Politics. As political matters have been managed in the United States in this century, the remark seems justified by the facts. Elections are not accidents. Of the eight Presidents elected in the nineteenth century, six were born in the Southern states. No Northern man has ever twice been elected to the highest office of the Nation. A similar result appears in the appointment of important officers by the President himself.—From 1789, to 1815, one hundred and seventy appointments were made of ministers and charges to foreign powers; of these, seventy-eight were filled from the North, ninety-two from the South. Of the seventy-four ministers plenipotentiary sent to Europe before 1846, forty-three were from the slave States. There have been fifteen judges of the Supreme Court from the North; eighteen from the South. The office of Attorney General has been four times filled by Northern men, fourteen times by men from the slave States. Out of thirty Congresses, eleven only have had a Speaker from the North. These are significant facts, and plainly show the aptitude of Southern men to manage the political affairs of America. There are Pilots for fair weather; Pilots also only trust

Chokers.

The First report of the Sanitary Commissioners, published Dec. 2, relates more especially to the measures for the prevention of Asiatic cholera, a subject which was referred to the commission for its earliest attention; but the measures suggested necessarily have a larger scope. The official report will not supersede further scientific inquiry into the nature of the disease and the mode of its propagation; but for immediate practical purposes, the document seems to establish the following data as the basis of practical and practicable measures.

Cholera is not contagious; its progress coincides with the line of rivers and water-courses; in towns it prevails most in the dampest and poorest neighborhoods; humid and impure air, are its greatest predisposing causes, low diet and other depressing influences probably aiding the predisposition. The great preventives, of a broad and general nature, are ventilation and cleansing. Cleanly people, as the Dutch

## New Idea of a Great Man.

or the Galicians, in comparison with the Slavonians, enjoy a marked immunity.

For thorough prevention the metropolis would need a thorough reconstruction of its drainage; but without waiting for any plans so tedious, the commissioners suggest immediate steps to improve existing arrangements to cleanse our sewers, and augment the supply of water. They do not recommend any renewed use of cholera hospitals, but suggest the much more effective measure of providing effectual medical attendance at the houses of patients. The very destitute can be taken to the fever-wards of the union work-houses. The non-contagion which is established on very strong evidence, is most important for its moral consequences; on the former visitation of the cholera, the abandonment of the sick was common, fear of infection being the motive. The admitted absence of contagion greatly facilitated the treatment of the sick in every way. It will be desirable, as no doubt it will be provided, to give the medical officers authority to enforce the needful sanitary regulations on all places that come within their observation. It is to be observed that the regulations and improvements, here indicated, will not be useless, even should the cholera disappoint the general fear and spare this land; the same plans will be of the greatest and most direct utility in counteracting fever and other general ailments induced by bad atmosphere.—*Stirling Journal.*

PROFESSIONAL CONFIDENCE.—"Which are the hyenas and which are the monkeys?" inquired a child of a showman.

"Viecher you please, my dear; you've paid for your admission, and have a right to choose."—*Chronotype.*

Political Movements.

Wilson county, Tennessee, on the Whig side is for Henry Clay. Gov. Jones addressed the people and said:

"His ear had recently caught the tones of an old and familiar voice, as they were wafted in breezes of patriotism from the plains of Kentucky—he was aroused from his lethargy; What Whig ever heard that voice unmoved?"

It was the voice of his old Captain under whom he had served the Young Hickory. What voice never had yet given an uncertain sound—never alarmed when there was safety, nor peace when danger was approaching. He glorified the living underlings, and the common people, where no one of this old Whig Guards to do it. "No where is such an one to be found. Let us hear the trumpet tones of that patriotic voice at the head of the column, and catch but a glance of the sparkling eye of our Captain, and every bosom swells with ecstasy; rapture; every heart beats higher with patriotism. Yes, fellow-citizens, he continued, whenever I see that same Old Whig blamer unfurled by Henry Clay!—displaying the same long clerical principles—to it I mind and will return, though I stand solitary and alone, that banner I intend to battle, and, if fail, my folds will be my windings sheet."—*Ches.*

The Taylor meeting at Cincinnati came near having a fatal ending. The floor of the Hall gave way. The dense crowd rushed out, sweeping on or over whoever stood in their way. Fortunately no lives were lost or limbs broken, though hats, cloaks, watches, &c., disappeared wonderfully in the crowd.

A committee appointed prepared a set of resolutions; J. W. Taylor (Democrat) offered a resolution. Amid the applause, the floor gave way, and the meeting adjourned to the next evening, February 3d.

The Whigs of Congress held a meeting on about their dough-faced representatives. You have got them, fine enough, but what is the reason of it? It is because they have got more dough-faced constituents behind them. When the people are upon this subject—when they distinguished men who are plain, honest, and upright, who are not so much as to be called up to the bar of the bar of Congress, they will be able to speak up for them. They will be able to speak up for them, but they will not be able to speak up for them, because they have got more dough-faced constituents behind them. When the people are upon this subject—when they distinguished men who are plain, honest, and upright, who are not so much as to be called up to the bar of the bar of Congress, they will be able to speak up for them. They will be able to speak up for them, but they will not be able to speak up for them, because they have got more dough-faced constituents behind them.

The cause of the war was slavery. Annexation, the first step. Were a man to take up the correspondence of the Government from 1843 to 1844, he would suppose the great interests of the country to be slave-breeding and slave-holding. The extension and perpetuation of slavery was the cause of the war.

The Secretary of State, writing to Mr. Murphy, our Charge in Texas, on Jan. 16, 1844, says, speaking of slavery:

"Texas should not be attached to the United States, and cannot maintain that institution ten years, and probably not half that time."

"There was the proposition. If we only left Texas alone; if we afford to it all the protection which we can give, it will be a slave state. And then, when it is a slave state, we will have to furnish the means, before it will be time to wake up and arouse."

"You hear a great deal said at the North about their dough-faced representatives. You have got them, fine enough, but what is the reason of it? It is because they have got more dough-faced constituents behind them. When the people are upon this subject—when they distinguished men who are plain, honest, and upright, who are not so much as to be called up to the bar of the bar of Congress, they will be able to speak up for them. They will be able to speak up for them, but they will not be able to speak up for them, because they have got more dough-faced constituents behind them. When the people are upon this subject—when they distinguished men who are plain, honest, and upright, who are not so much as to be called up to the bar of the bar of Congress, they will be able to speak up for them. They will be able to speak up for them, but they will not be able to speak up for them, because they have got more dough-faced constituents behind them.

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# THE EXAMINER.

J. C. VAUGHAN, EDITOR.  
F. C. CORY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

LOUISVILLE: FEB. 12, 1848.

## No for Away.

It is said, there is a good deal of anti-slavery feeling in Texas, and that Gen. Houston had to respect it to retain his present position.

We doubt the latter assertion; the former we suppose to be true. Non-slaveholders in Arkansas, as well as Texas, are hostile to the institution, and a majority would move against it, if they knew their strength had a leader.

An old friend of ours, and a native of South Carolina, writes to us from this State:—

"I see by a *Mobius* paper which brother—sent me that you are for emancipation, as I am, and I hope you will succeed, as I believe it would be for God's glory, and men's welfare; to have it. Col. F. —, and J. M. —, of Lancaster, think we will get it in time; and if we can, Arkansas will be a great State—it is abundant in fertile soil and grain lands, and iron, which will be of no account while slavery holds."

And what State is there, where thousands would not say the same thing? What our where non-slaveholders would not go for freedom?

## All Right.

A sober, intelligent farmer, of the interior, writes us a letter of this right sort, and what is more sends us some subscribers. He says:—

"I believe there is no harm in making honest confession, and I will say to you, that at first I read your paper, sent me by Rev. Mr. —, with distinct from a kind of moral sympathy. I look for it now as my best friend; I know of ——, ——, ——, ——, ——, ——, and, if we could get it generally circulated, I am as confident as we live that we could carry emancipation."

"If we could get it generally circulated!"

And cannot this be done? If we had a subscription list that would warrant it, we would not only send the paper into every county in the State, but we would distribute emancipation tracts in every neighborhood, every county. Give us five thousand subscribers, friends of freedom, and this shall be done. Who will help? What number of good men and true will lend the cause thus a brave and cheering word?

## Even No.

A friend, says:—

"With you I had a meeting in Louisville, for distributing tracts—short and pithy articles—addresses to slave-holders and non-slave-holders. I could distribute a thousand in this country, and I would agree to pick out from the Examiner, articles which would be read, and which would awaken a new spirit in those who heard them—that can not be done?"

Aye. But we must have means. If our anti-slavery friends were leagued together—if their means were concentrated—we would undertake to circulate through that State—through East Tennessee, West-North Carolina, and West Virginia—these silent, but powerful messengers of truth. Now it would take a large sum. But we must wait, and labor on, until we can accomplish this desirable, and really great object

## Be Just.

The following communication is from a prominent man, and a large Slaveholder.

"I thank you most sincerely for your remarks in the review of Mr. Parker's letter. That I have not seen. But you have done us, as a class, no more than justice in what you have said, and, as a class, we should acknowledge it.

Your paper is not taken in this neighborhood; but we all see and read it. If I must confess the truth, I do not read it, but I examine it, and with no friendly eye. But on reading that article, with one exception, we came to the conclusion, not only that you were ready to do slaveholders justice, but that you were determined that no one should do them injustice."

It was a vain pretense if I did not admit, that your principles go to the root of the evil—for I maintained slavery to be an evil, and that you have no cause—but they are leaving us—that none are coming in—and that, as a community we can never flourish while this state of things exists. When *Pius*' health was proposed

Old Tyber rose from his cosy bed,

"And 't will be free!" was the word that was said.

And her chaise foul, snap, snap!

With a roar of joy, that up'er

The rite of death might create a soul,

To exit in freedom's thunder!

In the Euphrates, when each Roman man

Saw tortured his liberator,

Twas—if Peter's word had to life restored

Rome's "Dyng" or "Gladiator!"

Or if—'tis when the asp in a marble grasp

Kept coiled and for ages strangled,

Got loose from the hold of each serpent fold,

And exulted, disengaged!

What glorious and divine thought!

In that best of picture's fitness,

Where the prophet hand of Raphael wrought

The blessed scene we witness!

Look down—'tis the rage of a Roman youth,

By demon powers beaglied!

Or if—'tis when the reign of Right and Truth;

"Tis Rome—but Rome Transfigured!

her, wishing to buy, and he hears questions as to her age, her habits, her soundness. Not content with this, he sees one rapidly feeling her muscles, to be certain that she is strong and healthful! A man, as a citizen, unaccustomed to such scenes, never realizing that such things could be, must he not be shocked? Will not the blood rush from his heart, and tingle in his veins, as if it were all on fire? Yet there is no slave State, no part of any slave State, which is not forced to witness, sees as sad as this!

It. Nay, as to that, a darker picture remains to be unfolded. In that auction room are many slaves. The old and the young are there. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, set side by side, fearing everything, yet knowing not what they fear. Are these family ties headed? As the father ascends the block, does his wife accompany him do their children gather round them—and do we hear the slave-seller say, "This is our family, they cannot be separated?" Alas, it is not so! The father stands alone. The wail of his wife may be heard—the agonizing sobs of the children may ring in our ears, it is of no avail; the sale goes on, the holiest ties are rudely snapt, and they whom God had ordained should love each other, and live together, forcibly and forever separated! Tell us, friend, tell us human slave-holder, if any strange could witness a sight like this, or read, or hear of it, and not denounce the institution as accursed? Can we expect, do we ask, that men afar off should dare gently with it, write or speak kindly of it, when it concentrates within itself terrors which shocked the heathen, and which, if narrated to us by any other people, would make our blood boil with indignation?

4. And now imagine that the stranger seeing these things should turn to his statute books, and look closely at our slave laws! Here, the freeman may be sold into slavery forever, if he be unable to pay a trifling fine. There, it is a criminal offence to teach the slaves to read the word of God—that word which we are commanded to study and know—that word which the Savior died to teach. In one State, marriages are not allowed; the law making the offspring of any union among slaves illegitimate. In none are they legalized. Everywhere is public opinion in advance of our slave code. Everywhere are slave owners really more human and Christian than the law. That, in spirit, is vindictive, cruel, irreligious; no barbarian code is so bad. Yet it is that, and that alone by which the great majority of the people of the world judge us, by which they judge the institution of slavery. Is it strange, that they should judge harshly? They were more or less than men if they did otherwise.

This being so, what should those slave-holders do, who are resolved to defend the institution to the last? What those other slave-holders, who, like us, are ready for emancipation? Demand instantly a change of these barbarous laws—demand that slaves, ignorant and despised though they be, shall have and be taught to read the word of God, and know of Him who died for all; demand that their marriages shall be held sacred, that no home or family ties shall again be rudely broken. This is what slave-holders should do instantly, in justice to themselves, in justice to the blacks, in justice to their country, and their God.

## Artists at Home.

The artist had quite a celebrity at Rome on the 28th Dec. The British Hall, as usual, was the place where the festival was held. The venerable *Presto*, witty and full of laughter, making mirth, presided. Their banqueting was merry as merrily could be. Wit, song, humorous speech, spicy humor, racy anecdote, these marked the artist's festival. The following song was chanted, when *Pius*' health was proposed:

"And 't will be free!" was the word that was said.

And her chaise foul, snap, snap!

With a roar of joy, that up'er

The rite of death might create a soul,

To exit in freedom's thunder!

In the Euphrates, when each Roman man

Saw tortured his liberator,

Twas—if Peter's word had to life restored

Rome's "Dyng" or "Gladiator!"

Or if—'tis when the asp in a marble grasp

Kept coiled and for ages strangled,

Got loose from the hold of each serpent fold,

And exulted, disengaged!

What glorious and divine thought!

In that best of picture's fitness,

Where the prophet hand of Raphael wrought

The blessed scene we witness!

Look down—'tis the rage of a Roman youth,

By demon powers beaglied!

Or if—'tis when the reign of Right and Truth;

"Tis Rome—but Rome Transfigured!

Our Firemen presented on Thursday week a splendid trumpet to the Independent Fire Company of Cincinnati.

The Firemen took place, we learn, at the Melodeon.

Mr. S. D. Hardin presented the trumpet to the part of Louisville, and Mr. C. H. Sargent received it on behalf of the Independents.

Judge Walker then addressed the audience in an appropriate and eloquent manner.

The ceremony was, we are told, imposing and interesting, and every thing passed of pleasantly. Our firemen were warmly greeted; How could it be otherwise? A more generous set off fellows, no city can boast.

The men that can do justice but friend- ly sympathy, and generous companionship.

*Marie Lanner.*

The wife of Bonaparte is dead, and Parma, Placentia, and Gastrada are transferred to the Duke of Lucca. He sold his dukedom, not long since, to the Duke of Tuscany, for a pension. For money, he will part, we dare say, with his new acquisitions.

Marie Louise married a second time, and, I suppose, to a good and irritable, and I fear not this on the subject of slaves without knowing it can be done, and I do not know it now; but he showed you—denounced the Examiner, and my shame and denunciation was more bitter, as I was approaching the point, which enabled me to see my own error—and sin. I have passed it last. And at the proper time,—though not now, you will find me ranged along-side with you, and with you ready to do full justice to the sine and act righteously towards the white. I write this for you—not for the Examiner, and will move good, I say, and I believe your cause to be founded on solid, and your arguments judicious, but that you are determined to do justice to all. \*

Thanks, friend, for what you say? We rejoice that you see the light. We rejoice still more, that you are determined to make others see it. There will be no difficulty in this mood of mind and temper of the soul, to know the truth, and knowing to defend or diffuse it. But since the subject is broached, we ask this generous slaveholder, ask all just and generous slaveholders, to look at some of these causes—Independent of the wrong itself—which forces Mr. Parker—which forces honest men everywhere, to look with horror upon the institution—to regard it as a black and damning curse.

This day bright and beautiful we stand on our wharf. It was a bright and beautiful day. The air was balmy, and all nature seemed in sweetest harmony. Hundreds were out enjoying the scene, and the man of business, all engaged as he was, seemed disposed to forget it all, and partake of its pleasures. Yet at this moment—it was near mid-day—a gang of negroes, manacled, and linked together by an iron chain, a white man in front, and another in the rear, was driven along, attracting all eyes! A cold shudder ran through the crowd. It was a sight which startled and shocked all. Now suppose an intelligent stranger visiting us had witnessed this sight—suppose him to have known nothing of slavery except what its friends aver—what would he have thought—what have said—when he reached his free home? Bitter words would leap to his tongue. Hot feelings of indignation would burn in his heart. He could not forget this sight, nor could he ever help speaking of slavery as the darkest of human wrongs. Yet this display may be witnessed in all our commercial marts and at our very capital!

2. Further. Suppose a man every way well disposed towards us, and ready to do us full justice, in all respects should, for the first time, attend a sale of negroes. None of us like to do it. "I never could," said an intelligent slaveholder to us the other day, "stand by and witness their sale, as if they were oxen." And such, we believe, is the general feeling. Well, the stranger goes to the auction. He sees a woman on the block. Many persons surround

her, wishing to buy, and he hears questions as to her age, her habits, her soundness. Not content with this, he sees one rapidly feeling her muscles, to be certain that she is strong and healthful! A man, as a citizen, unaccustomed to such scenes, never realizing that such things could be, must he not be shocked? Will not the blood rush from his heart, and tingle in his veins, as if it were all on fire? Yet there is no slave State, no part of any slave State, which is not forced to witness, sees as sad as this!

3. Nay, as to that, a darker picture remains to be unfolded. In that auction room are many slaves. The old and the young are there. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, set side by side, fearing everything, yet knowing not what they fear. Are these family ties headed? As the father ascends the block, does his wife accompany him do their children gather round them—and do we hear the slave-seller say, "This is our family, they cannot be separated?" Alas, it is not so! The father stands alone. The wail of his wife may be heard—the agonizing sobs of the children may ring in our ears, it is of no avail; the sale goes on, the holiest ties are rudely snapt, and they whom God had ordained should

## Block Laws in Ohio.

The Legislature of Ohio has refused to enact a law against the slave laws.

Not one of the members of that body, would hesitate about denouncing Slavery generally—Very few of them who do not condemn the South for holding on to the institution. Yet they do justice to the negro, and refuse to take his testimony, in any of their courts.

There are hundreds of planters in this State who refuse to emancipate their slaves—and who oppose emancipation because of free State legislation of this character. They ask—"what can the slave do?" Where can he set free? Where can he go?" And fearing that he may be worse off, they conclude to do the best they can with him, and for him?

Most of the free States deal sumptuously in this matter. The majority of the Ohio Legislature, certainly, merit a severe rebuke for their inhumanity in sustaining laws which a Kentucky Statesman calls "atrocious," and most men admit to be disgraceful.

## Swedes Poetry.

Christian Andersen is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and his translator, Mary Howitt knows how to sympathize with him. What could be more touching than his verses on the dying child? Many a parent will weep, at the recitation of his parting from the loved and lost comes freshly up to the mind with softened sadness of feeling, while he reads them:

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;

But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping;

Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.

It is cold; the tempest raves madly;

But in my dreams all is wondrous bright;

I see the angel children smiling gladly;

When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

4. And now imagine that the stranger seeing these things should turn to his statute books, and look closely at our slave laws!

Here, the freeman may be sold into slavery forever, if he be unable to pay a trifling fine.

There the public debt of New York is immensel

upwards of twenty-two millions—Yet she pays

over a million of dollars for universal education,

her railroads and canals traversing her State,

and is the great State of the Union—the

most populous and wealthy in wealth,

and the most populous in population.

The State has a large amount to pay,

and a large amount to be paid.

5. And now imagine that the stranger seeing these things should turn to his statute books, and look closely at our slave laws!

There the public debt of New York is immensel

upwards of twenty-two millions—Yet she pays

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and is the great State of the Union—the</p



## LITERARY EXAMINER.

### The Artisan.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

The day is past—the quiet night.  
Toward its midnights wreath on;  
His work-shop has been closed for hours—  
A good day's labor done.  
The toil is hard that brings him bread;  
And sometimes, ho! how scant supply;  
When droops a while his manly head,  
And glistens his full eye.

Yet from the trial shrinks he not;  
For he has youth, and strength, and will;  
And though his toil is ill repaid,  
Bends daily to it still.  
He sometimes murmurs,—but his pride  
Cheeks each expression at its birth,—  
That blessings to his class denied—  
Surround the drones of earth.

He passes morn, and noon, and night;  
The homes of luxury and wealth;  
And glistens their gilded ease  
His eye will take by stealth.  
And now his gaze is on his face,  
At times—but instantly depart—  
He feels each weakness a disgrace—  
Both to his head and heart.

His earliest morn takes him where  
Withal worth, grace, beauty, all unite;  
And lovely tows arrest his ear;

And lovely looks his sight;

And much he thinks—half wild he sighs—

Yet ere his welcome work is done,

Holongs for home, and Mary's eyes,

And for his prattling son.

His labor hath been light to day;

And wife and child before him sleep;

And he has pass'd the half-past night

In study close and deep.

The lamp burns dim—the fire is low—

The book is closed where'er he read;

But wildly swell the streams of thought

Its fountain-pages fed.

With eyes fixed calmly on the floor,

But varying and expressive face,

He couz the lesson o'er and o'er—

The hand of his race.

And much he finds hard and dead,

Whose virtue is example now;

But more that makes his bosom bleed,

And darkens o'er his brow:—

The thirst for wealth—the strife for power—

The darling of the world—down—

The darling that hath seized a realm,

Or caught a wavering crown;

The manhood that hath tamely bent

And fall'n beneath tyrannic sway—

The bold'st resistance, that hath lent

Its darkness to the day:—

But chiefly this it is that fills

The swelling volume of his mind:

The countless wrongs and cruelties

That have opprest'd his kind.

And viewing them upon his brain

His own hard struggles darkly throng;

And as he feels their weight again,

He also deems of wrong:

Wrong to himself, and wrong to all

Who bear the burthen he hath borne:

"A yoke!" exclaims he, "excludes,

"And oh, how meanly worn!"

But as he feels Life's smile still,

He smiles, with sudden change of mood,

The stern, the indomitable will,

That never was subdued.

The will, not to destroy, but build!

Not the might of old renown,

Which took the world by a grasp,

And shook the temple down;

But that whose patient energy

Works—ever upward, without rest;

Until the pierc'd and parted sea

Rolls from its coral breast.

In the dim firelight, for a while,

His tall form moves to and fro;

Then by the couch of those he loves,

He stops, and bendeth low,

Oh, holy love! oh, kind!

Ye as not splendor—lode not pow'—

But a humble home like this,

Ye have thy triumph here!

He sleeps—but even on his dreams

Obtrude the purpose of his soul;

He wanders where the living streams

Of knowledge brightly roll;

And where men win their own good ways,

Not yield to doubt, or dark despair,

In dreams his bounding spirit strays—

In dreams he triumphs there.

With stronger arm, with mightier heart,

Than he hath felt or known before,

When comes the morn's hour of toil,

He rises, and to his task he goes,

No wavering heart he'll know—no rest—

Until the new-born goal be won;

But firm, and calm, and self possessed'd,

Bear resolutely on.

And this is that, year by year,

Through which nor faith nor hope grows less;

Pursued, still crowns his high career

With honor and success.

This—is this! It is that marks the man;

Dare thou, ye neath whose studious eye

This lesson lies; rouse up at once,

And on thyself rely!

Give to thy free soul freshet thought,

And whate'er it prompts thee do,

That manly, year in year out,

With all thy might pursue

What though thy name may not be heard

Afar, or shoult through the town;

Thou'lt win a higher need of praise;

A wurther reason.

Press on, thou!—Earth has need of thee!

The metal at the forge is red;

The axe is rusting by the tree;

Heed not who works not—abor thou!

Life's Rubicon is here—and stand

Not dubious on the brink of death.

National Era.

Incidents of a Day among the Emigrants to California.

Sunday, June 14.—Thermometer at sunrise, 62°, wind East, blowing fresh; an Indian was discovered last night by one of the guard, lurking in the bushes, no doubt intending to steal some of our horses. He ran off with great speed when the alarm was given.

We resumed our march at the usual hour; about five miles from our encampment we were met by three men belonging to an emigrant company which had left last night, about twenty-five or thirty miles in advance. They were in search of a doctor. A boy eight or nine years of age had had his leg crushed by falling from the tongue of a wagon and being run over by its wheels, and besides, there were, in the company, a number of persons ill with fevers.

There being no physician in our party, and possessing from my former studies, and later experience, some pathological and anatomical knowledge, with such a knowledge of the pharmacopœia, and materia medica, as to be fully sensible that many patients are killed rather than cured, by the injudicious use of medicine, I had consented on several occasions, when persons belonging to our company, were seized with sickness, to give them such advice and to prescribe and administer such medicines as I thought would be beneficial. I informed the patients in all cases that I was no "doctor," but acted rather in the character of the "good Samaritan." By using this phrase, I would not be understood as assuming to myself the merits and virtues of the individual, who under that name has been rendered forever memorable and illustrious for his humanity, by the impressive parable of our Savior. In all cases of sickness in our party when I was called, I have the satisfaction of knowing that no one died. This I do not attribute to any medical skill or science of my own, but to the fact, that medicines were exhibited in small quantities, and such as would not crush the recuperative powers and sanative impulses of nature. On this long and toilsome journey, during which it is impossible to suspend the march for any length of time, large doses of exhausting medicine should never be administered to the patient; if they are, the consequences most frequently must re-

sult in death. The fatigues of the journey are as great as any ordinary constitution can bear, and the relaxing and debilitating effects of medicines injudiciously prescribed in large quantities are often, I believe, fatal, when the patient would otherwise recover.

It so turned out that I had acquired the undeserved reputation of being a great "doctor," in several of the emigrant companies in advance of us and in our rear, and the men, above noticed, who had met us, had come for me. I told them when they applied to me that I was not a physician, that I had no surgical instruments and that I doubted if I could be of any service to those who were suffering. They stated in reply that they had heard of me; and gave me such advice in regard to nursing, as I thought would be the most useful in her case. A young man applied to me for relief, who, after I had examined him, I believed to be laboring under a disease of the heart. I told him that I could do nothing for him. That the journey might affect his cure, but that no medicine which I possessed would have any other than an injurious effect.

After visiting some four or five other persons more or less indisposed and prescribing for them, by invitation of Col. Thornton, I walked from this encampment to his, about three-fourths of a mile distant. Col. T., it will be recollect, was a member of the Oregon party, which separated from us about two weeks since. In crossing the Platoff bottom to his encampment, we forded two small streams shaded by some oak trees. In the bank of this we found a spring of cool water. There was, however, such a multitude of mosquitoes and gnats surrounding it, that we had but little enjoyment in its generous supply of refreshing waters.

The air is, in places, filled with these trouble-some insects, and the venom of their bite is frequently seriously afflictive. At the spring above alluded to, the trail recedes from the river, and runs along under the bluffs, which, to day, seemed to shut us from every breath of air, rendering the heat of the sun oppressive, almost to suffocation.

I observed that some of the bluffs which we passed were composed of calcareous rock, and the debris below was of the same composition. I shot, with my pistol, while riding this morning, an antelope, at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. The air is, in places, filled with these trouble-some insects, and the venom of their bite is frequently seriously afflictive. At the spring above alluded to, the trail recedes from the river, and runs along under the bluffs, which, to day, seemed to shut us from every breath of air, rendering the heat of the sun oppressive, almost to suffocation.

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